member of your party, whatever it is. We could just as well rent the room to you, without asking you about politics." She burst into tears and said that as long as I came home at night she would know at least that nothing had happened to me. So I remained with the family, officially as a "lodger."

In the University mess the next day I met a student whom I knew as a Marxist and told him I would like to get in touch with someone connected with the party. He seemed surprised but took me to another student, very short, very dark, with an unusually long beard and bright eyes. The gnome did not waste words but bluntly asked me, "You want to join the RSDWP?" These letters meant nothing to me, but he explained that they stood for Russian Social Democratic Workers' party. When I said yes, he asked whether I was a Bolshevik or Menshevik. I confessed my ignorance about the difference between the two factions. "That is simple," he replied. "The Bolsheviks are for the revolution, while the Mensheviks seek a compromise with Tsarism and are ready to betray the workers." Obviously the gnome was a Bolshevik. Since I had no intention of betraying the workers, I told him that, according to his definition, I was a Bolshevik.

"Are you familiar with our organizational and tactical problems?" he continued. "Have you read Lenin's recent writings?" And he gave me two thin booklets: *What's To Be Done* and *One Step Forward, Two Steps Backward.*

The first pamphlet was directed against opportunism in the early labor movement in Russia and impressed me as completely irrelevant to the current situation. From the second, I learned that the split between the majority (Bolsheviks) and minority (Mensheviks) in the party went back to the vote at the party convention in 1903. The controversial issue was whether one could be a party member without belonging to a particular local cell. After reading these pamphlets, I had some doubts as to whether I was entering the party through the right door. I wished to be with the people, with the workers in their forthcoming assault against Tsarism, and was not in the least interested in the dispute between the two factions. Nor did I like Lenin's plan for a strictly centralized party controlled from the top. Then it occurred to me that Lenin had developed this plan years earlier and could not take it seriously now, in the changed situation. A hurricane was sweeping over Russia. I saw and heard, almost physically, the roaring tides of national revolt around us. Who could direct and control them?

At my next meeting with the gnome, I told him that I found Lenin's pamphlets interesting as samples of prerevolutionary thinking in the party but could not see how his ideas could be applied to